

## 'The Nail'

'Perfect' at the Olympics means you 'Nailed it - Good  
'Nail' the Shingles down - Good  
Get your 'Nails' done - Good  
Swallow a 'Nail' Bad.

I was living in a Foster Home in 1939 I was Fourteen. I couldn't cut ~~it~~<sup>in</sup> conventional Schools. I was placed in a Vocational School. First I was in an Electrical Class. But being Color Blind & I didn't know it. I couldn't match up Wires. At the time the Teacher thought I never learned my Colors. Then they put me in Wood Working. I liked that. I could always work with my Hands - We made a two story Club House on the Field where I lived. I made the best Wagons around. I was the Man. We were putting Panels on the Class Room because the School Rooms were being remodelled. The Instructor was on a six foot ladder & some of the other Boys were holding up the panels with long Stix - like long Broom Stix. He was sitting on top & showed us how to put four Finishing Nails in his Mouth like toothpicks. It looked OK to me because he was the Instructor. He Nailed the Top & down the sides & we were to Nail the Bottom. It just so happened I was first. I put the four Nails in my mouth like he did. I Nailed them in one at a time & when I got to Number



Four I didn't have it. I remember someone  
 around the Second or Third Nail something  
 happening in my Mouth. The Instructor  
 said 'Whats Wrong?' I told him I think I  
 might have swallowed one. I told him  
 I wasn't sure. I didn't hurt anywhere but  
 I know I started ~~fall~~ with Four. It was  
 Public School & someone decided I should go  
 to the Hospital & get checked out. I don't  
 remember the Trip to the Hospital. But I  
 know it was 'John Hopkins'. It wasn't  
 long before they had me standing in front  
 of a Fluoroscope. It seemed to me it was about  
 the size of a Pillow. At first it was me -  
 A Doctor & whoever brought me. One of them  
 said 'There it is' ~~just~~ just about <sup>where</sup> ~~to the~~ your  
 Appendix ~~is~~. The Room started to fill up  
 as word must have gotten around. It seemed  
 at the time there were Hundreds of Interns  
 there. It was probably about Twenty Five. They  
 were starting to scare me - Do you think  
 it will pass - the Nail was 'point' first.  
 We could Cut here if we have to. That  
 kinda stuff didn't sit right with me. So  
 while they were all huddled up - deciding  
 my Fate. They didn't notice me sneaking  
 out of the Room. I ran down the Halls  
 & came out on ~~Brow~~ Broadway. I knew  
 where I was then. I just checked on my  
 old Balto. City Map. I walked Sixty Four  
 Blocks to the Foster Home. I never told



the People I was staying with about what had happened to me. I never went back to School & I never heard any more about it. I knew I had to go to some School so I went to Central Ave & Lexington St to another Vocational School. My Friend lived on Benton St & that's where he went, so the next day I walked to School & enrolled myself. Its hard to believe now that I could do that. A few months later they put me out & I went to work in a Body & Fender Shop for Eight Dollars a week. That's when the Childrens Aid Society stopped paying my Room & Board for me & Eddy. About once or twice a year I get this sharp pain in my Right Side, but it only last for a few Minutes. I know one thing for sure - When I go - The Nail goes with me

Jim M.